THE DUAL LEADERSHIP OF THE CONSER-VATIVES-THE CONSERVATIVE TRIO. MR. BALFOUR, MR. CHAMBERLAIN, AND ESPECIALLY MR. COURTNEY.

London, August 28. The dual leadership of the Unionist party in the House of Commons has several advantages; among them that of enabling Mr. Balfour's friends to point out how superior he is to Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Chamberlain's friends to point out how superior he is to Mr. Balfour. It is, nevertheless, possible to recognize the high qualities of each, and not absolutely necessary to determine which, if either, is the greater Member of Parliament. The inquiry, at any rate, is not one upon which I am going to enter. Neither of them can be summed up briefly. Each fills a great place in the House and before the country, and about each it is necessary to say so much from time to time in connection with the events on which they figure that, long before the end of a session, the reader who cares for such matters has material on which to judge for himself. So has he on the much narrower issue-which is the one that strictly concerns us now-whether either or both has gained or lost in reputation since last January. Perhaps it is enough to say that, by consent, the Front Opposition Bench is more than a match in debate and in business for the Treasury Bench on which Ministers sit, and that, if you eliminated Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain, this admission would no longer be Says a Radical journalist in the front

The official Liberal party struggles with many difficulties. Its case is not read to the control of the control difficulties. Its case is not presented with the force and wealth of illustration, the easy command of facts and arguments, which men like Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain display

It is not every Radical or Liberal who is equally frank in print, but almost all of them would say, and do say, privately what their more outspoken colleague cries from the housetops. And when you have such testimony as that from the leading Liberal journal-I mean "The Chronicle," which with all its Socialism remains Liberal-you need hardly look further.

Nor will it be quite new to you. I have quoted similar expressions before now from various Liberal and Radical sources. There can be no doubt that the House as a whole regards Mr. Balfour not only with admiration but with a kind of affectionate goodwill care in the contentiousness Mr. Gladstone had it, but Mr. Gladstone had been sixty years in evidence. Mr. Balfour's official career is not yet ten years old. It began in 1885. His leadership dates from 1891. Such is the brevity of the space within which he has attained to this degree of general regard. The sweet reasonableness which distinguishes him has not impaired his authority. He is implicitly obeyed by a party which contains a good many mutinous elements. If the party man ever finds fault with him it is because he does not always take the mere party view. He finds his account, even as leader, in applying to politics that mental detachment which is an essential part of his intellectual nature. It is no longer disputed that Mr. Balfour leads well. He knows when to stand out for the uttermost rights of an Opposition but slightly inferior in numbers to the majority, and when to yield good-naturedly upon points which he need not press too far. His good nature and good temper carry him over many a difficulty, and they endear him to the

Difficult as a whole this session has undoubtedly been, and more difficult for the Opposition than for the Ministry; numerous as have been the troubles and perils of those in authority. A defensive position is almost always more difficult to maintain than an offensive. The test is, or one test is, which has gained and which has lost ground. The Ministry have been almost as much on the defensive as their opponents. They have survived, but only survived. Do they think, do if they are not, it is the skilful conduct of the opposition to them which has left them weaker than they were. And the conduct of the opposition has been Mr. Balfour's.

shared largely both in council and in action. I should say at once that he is reckoned a more formidable personage, whether inside or outside the House, than he was six months ago. He has more than held his own against a more continuous and bitter animosity than that which assails any public man of his time. The Irish can hardly keep their hands off him; upon their tongues they impose no restraint, nor he much upon his, though he understands far better than they do the act of saying a deadly thing in a Parliamentary way. The one power which avails a Member of Parliament beyond all others is power in debate, and in that Mr. Chamberlain is supeeme. In debate as it is understood in the House, where it almost always means an encounter and often a battle, he has no match. He is dreaded as nobody else is dreaded. Mr. Balfour can deal as hard a blow when he chooses, but he more seldom chooses and he has, even in the heat of a general engagement, a chivalry

which leads him to spare a fee who is down. Mr. Chamberlain fights fair but gives no quarter. Not during this session only, but throughout his career, and especially since 1886, when he declined to follow Mr. Gladstone in his quest of the Home Rule fleece, he has accumulated a store of resentments and hatreds. He makes light of them. He has a just confidence in his ability, to use his own phrase, to take care of himself. He is too old to change. At fifty-eight man's character is not easily remoulded; least of all a character so positive and energetic as his. But even at fifty-eight it might do Mr. Chamberlain no harm to ask himself why it is that while he is hated, his colleague, Mr. Balfour, party leader though he be, and an adversary fore whom everybody goes down, is loved, and loved by the very men on whom his blows fall heaviest. I do not know that Mr. Chamberlain would be a less redoubtable combatant if he carried into public life some of that amiability which he reserves for private intercourse.

If there be a third prominent figure among the Unionists it is Mr. Leonard Courtney. His celebrity, so far as the present session goes, is due to one speech, and that was anything but a party speech. Mr. Courtney, though a stanch Unionist, is to the House of Commons what the late Lord Derby was to the House of Lords. He has a judicial mind. He sees, and he cannot help seeing, both sides. He examines, reflects, weighs. He has a great mastery alike of principles and facts. He puts his facts into the scales. Nobody has a more anxious mind or a more scrupuus sense of what is just and fair. This the House has long known. What astonished its members in Mr. Courtney's speech on the Evicted Tenants' bill was not its moderation nor, its impartiality. But in that speech he rose, perhaps for the first time, to a new ethical and otional level.

He appealed to the House as Mr. Gladstone, if he could have rid himself for the moment of party predilections, and of the tremendous perbias which made the judicial attitude so ifficult to him, might have appealed to it. Mr. Courtney had, in truth, much of the elevation of which was Mr. Gladstone's characteristic. believed him the most fair-minded of men. He spun sophistries with inimitable art, and he employed, with an art not less plausible, the diction of the judge for the purposes of the advocate. Mr. Courtney could not do that. He is not often the accordance. When he is, he makes no concealment of his bias. He does not wear the robes of the Bench while pleading at the Bar. He lacks the imaginative force of the great orate to whom he once looked as leader. His While you listened to Mr. Gladstone you readily

strength is, in about equal proportions, intelectual and moral. What interested him in the Tenants controversy was not the party advantage to be gained on one side or the other. It was the advantage of Ireland; not the Ireland of only, but Ireland.

The four or five millions of people whose interests are alternately the counters with which two great parties play their party game-they and not the politicians are Mr. Courtney's He asked the House to consider clients. He lamented the envenomed spirit which both parties had brought to the consideration of a measure presented as measure of relief for social distress. Mr. John Morley and Mr. O'Brien on one side, Mr. Chamberiain pre-eminently on the other, had treated it in a way which made him despair of compromise. Yet he still appealed for conciliation, for a statesmanlike view of a great matter, and implored the House to lay aside its prepossessions and hostilities, to forget personalities, to find a common ground on which all parties might stand and where all parties might unite in an effort to pacify a distracted country.

The appeal came too late; perhaps at no time would it have been effectual. If the woes of Ireland were of no political value you would hear much less of them at all times. But the sinerity of the appeal was evident, and not only while Mr. Courtney spoke but even since the House has felt that in the business of legislating for an Empire there is, after all, something higher than the competition of political factions. Now that Mr. Gladstone is gone there is perhaps but one other man in the House capable of taking this lofty view or of impressing it on the House, and that single man is almost always debarred by his position from making such an appeal as Mr. Courtney, or from making it with effect, for he happens to be Leader of Her Majesy's Opposition.

It is more than probable that Mr. Courtney will at some future time find himself in the posttion for which he is best fitted. So long as Mr. Peel's health proves equal to the arduous duties he now discharges with unequalled ability there will be no question of replacing him. If failing strength should compel him to resign, Mr. Courtney is his predestined successor. He was Chairman of Committee and Deputy Speaker from 1886 to 1892. The House always thought him perfect in that post, but never knew how admirable he was till he had a successor in the person of the present Chairman, Mr. Mellor, it is only fair to add that Mr. Mellor has done better this session than last. He has a better knowledge of the business, but with authority, clearness, quickness, decision, all which are essential to a Chairman or Speaker, nature omitted to endow him. I will not go over Mr. Courtney's career, or dwell on his other qualities and claims to distinction. But if the American for whom English Liberalism is summed up in the phrase Home Rule will turn to "Ded," he will find a sentence in the brief official biography of Mr. Courtney which may set him thinking. Courtney is described as "an advanced Liberal, opposed to Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule scheme. From which the American may, if he likes, draw the inference that it is possible still to be a Liberal and even an advanced Liberal, and yet not be liberal enough to wish to disturb the existing Government of the Kingdom, Mr. Courtney's Liberalism is indeed so advanced as to expose him sometimes to the reproach of viewiness He resigned office in 1884 in order to be free to advocate what is here called Proportional Representation. It is his nature to think in straight lines, and not always to distinguish clearly between logical conclusions and political impossi-G. W. S.

CAPTURING EAGLES IN JERSEY.

FINE SPECIMENS OF THE "KING OF BIRDS" CAUGHT WITHIN A FEW MILES OF NEW-YORK CITY.

For several years eagles have been scarce in Northern New-Jersey, although a generation ago they were common enough in those parts of Bergen they even allege, that they are stronger with the country than when they came in? Hardly. And if they are not, it is the skilful conduct of the they are not, it is the skilful conduct of the capture of two large specimens in one day is,

consequently, an unusual occurren-Ten days ago John Finnerty, of Bloomfield, was walking through Verona, a little hamlet beyond Little Falis, with a loaded double-barrelled shotgun under his arm. He saw a large bird flying in his direction, waited until it came within range, fired. direction, waited until it came within range, fired, and brought down an eagle measuring sixty-six inches from tip to tip of its wings. The bird was only slightly wounded and made a vigorous attack on the hunter, driving its beak rejeatedly at the man's eyes. Using the butt of his run as a club, Finnerty struck the bird to the ground and killed it. After a rest, Finnerty and a boy who accompanied him carried the bird home.

The same day Henry Wolfe caught an eagle of about the same size on his farm at Richfield. The bird was taken anive, and was only slightly injured.

SURPRISED TO GET BACK HIS CHANGE.

A New-York man nearly fell dead from surprise the other day. He is absent-minded. Missing \$5, he sat down and pondered. Then he thought he knew where it was. He had gone into a shop, bought something which cost only a few cents and offered a \$5 bill in payment. He must have gone away without waiting for his change. He really did not expect to get back that change. In the first place, he wasn't sure that he had left it; in the second, he had no way of proving it if the shopman denied having retained it. He went prepared to make out as good a case as possible, and as he entered the door he tried to assume an expression of the strength of the st

sion of absolute certainty." said the shopkeeper, promptly. "How do you do, sir," said the shopkeeper, promptly. "Weren't you here once before, and didn't you leave the change of \$5.0". "Why, yes, I guess I did," was the surprised answer, "but I didn't expect to get it back so easily." It was the honesty that surprised him.

THE ENGLISH ROYAL YACHTS.

From The Chicago Record.

The English royal yachts Victoria and Albert and the Osborne are old-time side-wheelers of about 2,590 tons, built about forty years ago, but still serviceable, comfortable and convenient, without any display of luxury or magnificence. But there is a rare combination of simplicity and good taste everywhere prevailing. The decks are covered with lindeling over which carpeting is laid when royalty takes passage on board. They have pretty little 5 o'clock tea cabins on deck, and are lighted electrically throughout. All the royal apartments on board the Victoria and Albert have the floors covered with red and biack brussels carpet in small coral patterns, the walls hung with rosebud chintz, box-pialted, the doors of bird's-eye maple with handles of fron and fittings heavily electro-plated. The Queen's bedroom has a brass bedstead screwed into sockets in the floor, bed furniture of rosebud chintz lined with green silk, canopy to match, green silk blinds and plain white muslin curtains with green leather, writing and dreasing table combined, the walls covered with maps and charts on spring rollers. All of these things are kept in exactly the same state they were when the Frince Consort was alive, as the Queen forbids any change being made. Whenever she has to sleep a night on board the yacht she takes her mattress with her, as she is unable to sleep no any other.

The wardrobe-room, in which the Queen's dresser sleeps, is furnished in a similar style, and here one is shown a boat-cloak of blue embossed velvet lined with scarlet cloth, which is intended for the Queen's use, but which is far too heavy for her aged shoulders. There is another scarlet cloak that used to be worn by George IV., and the wonder is why it has not long ago been eaten by the moths. From The Chicago Record.

From The Cincinnati Inquirer. From The Cincinnati Inquirer.

"One of the most disgusting cargoes ever taken on board a ship can sometimes be seen on the line of boats running from San Francisco to Darcy Island," said A. B. Maittand. "I took passage on one of these steamers at one time, and two peculiariooking crates being taken on board attracted my attention. Upon inquiry I learned that they were leper Chinamen crated up and shipped as freight to Darcy Island, where a leper station has been established. These crates are handled by the roustabouts like any other freight, and to see live human beings pitched on board head first, then rolled over and over, does not look very humane. There are not enough of them to warrant the running of a special boat, it is said, and they cannot be accepted as passengers, hence are shipped in crates."

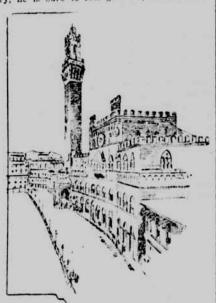
ICELANDERS COMING TO NORTH DAKOTA. From The Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE PALIO.

A FESTIVAL IN SIENNA.

the tenants only nor the Ireland of the landlords | MEDIAEVAL HORSE RACING-A PICTURESQUE SCENE-CUSTOMS WHICH ARE CENT-

Sienna, August 18. The Italians are not in general an improvident people, but they have innumerable festivals; and as each one arrives they have a way with them in the celebration of it that is calculated to make the merely extravagant person hold up his hands in horror. There closes to-morrow in this little Tuscan city a festival which was inaugurated last Tuesday, and has occupied the attention of the people ever since. This means that many of the tradesmen and innkeepers have profited largely. It also means that the population throughout, including the inhabitants of the suburbs, have spent a great deal in time and money. Considering the amount of pleasure they derive, there is perhaps no reason why many remarks should be offered on the present sad financial condition of Italy. Certainly there is nothing in the reckless expenditure to which the foreign visitor can well take exception. On the contrary, he is sure to feel grateful, for he is de-



THE PIAZZA DEL CAMPO.

lightfully entertained from the moment the festa begins until the Pallo has been held. He has been broiled in the stuffy theatre on the Lizza This year the usual imposing festivities were rendered still more remarkable by the reopening of San Francesco, an ancient basilica that has recently been restored. There have been races and masses, theatrical performances and a consecration. And through the tangle of many ceremonies the Palio has maintained its antique splender and supremacy. The author of "Il Pallo di Siena," a booklet

first published apropos of the festival a few years ago, wonders if it is possible that there is any tone, it may be well to set down a few lines of explanation for the sake of those readers whom Signor Brogi regards as unimaginable. time immemorial says this writer, the Senesi have been devoted to games and "divertimenti, and the Palio, a horse race of peculiar character, is one of their oldest institutions. How old it is it is difficult to say. In the twelfth century Elmora, a kind of sham battle, was extremely popular; and it did not disappear until 1291, when the death of several participants in its too vigorous



evolutions caused it to be abolished. It was replaced by a game called Pugna, which in turn yielded to the still living game of Pallone. The latter may be witnessed to this day in courts all over Italy, where the people gather to watch it in crowds. The Palio enters the scene not long after the suppression of Elmora. One historian, Girolamo Gigli, says that the first race was run in 1333; but Signor Brogi cites a reference to the Palio made as early as 1310. Its development synchronized with the growth of the Siennese contrade, the divisions of the city, which, under the old communal system of Italy, were burdened with individual responsibilities and possessed of individual privileges. These contrads or wards, as we would call them, have no such significance to-day in Sienna as they had in the military epoch whose necessities largely called them into being: but sentimentally their existence is still deeply rooted, and it is this that keeps the Palio alive. Centuries ago it was the custom for each of the contrade to enter a horse for the Pallo. The custom has never been abandoned.

Sienna is now divided into seventeen contrade, and each one of these provides for the Pallo a band of ten representatives, dressed after medineval models. The formation of one of these bands is worth description. First comes a drummer, and then there are two flag-bearers, whose business in the march is to make strange and graceful passes with their flags, waving them, tossing them furled into the air, and catching them as they descend streaming to the earth. Following these flag-bearers is the capitano, usually the oldest of the men. He 's bearded, wears cuirass and helmet, and carries a sword or spear. The capitano is escorted by four young paggi who are armed with lances. Behind him walks the figurino, carrying the special banner of the contrade with its emblem; a porcupine, a lion, an eagle or a bear as the case may be. The contrade draw their symbols always from the menagerie or the aviary. The figurino with his preclous burden is the centre of the group and wears the richest costume. He is followed by the fantino, on horseback, who in the subsequent race rides the animal that is led before him in the grand procession. Of the seventeen contrade only ten took part in the Pallo this year, but they all marched in the cortege that precedes the latter, and in their gorgeous dresses their numbers made the race seem very beautiful. The costumes are based on authentic originals of the Middle Ages, they are well made, and it is to be said for the grace and figure of the modern Italian that they are well worn.

The varied colors of the slashed sleeves and trunks, and of the neatly fitted fleshings render

one of the most curious survivals of mediaeval warfare. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries a city sent with its soldiers to the war a huge wagon, drawn by oxen, known as the "carroccio," and assigned to the perilous duty of carrying the sacraments and the city's flag into the heart of the battle. Above an altar in the centre of the car a tall mast called the "alhero del carroccio" bore, for example, the black and white banner of Sienna. A little bell served for the announcement of the elevation of the Host. At the base of the mast, around the altar, were flung the standards of the contrade. In the Duomo here there are preserved two such "alheri," won in 1260, when the Ghibellines, who were entrenched in Sienna, fought and conquered the Florentine Guelphs at Monteperta. It was an exact reproduction of this "carroccio" that brought up the rear of the procession on Thursday, giving one of the most suggestive of mediaeval touches to the scene. It was one of many motives that combined to produce a unique effect. The piazza in which the Palio is held is a space one-third of a mile around, which slopes down from the "barocco" and mediaeval palaces on three sides to the old Gothie Palazzo Publicco on the fourth. The latter edifice, designed with boldness and simplicity, and heightened in its forbidding aspect by the pinnacied tower that soars beside it, commonly looks down upon an equally severe environment. The plazza is paved with stone and brick, and usually there is nothing to break its stern monotony save the modern replica of an exquisite fountain erected on the northern side in 1343. For the Palio a track of earth is laid completely around the plazza, temporary barriers are placed along the inner edge of the semi-circle thus formed, and on the outer side seats are built up in there against the surrounding walls. The seats are for hire. The space in the centre is free, and is filled by fully 20,000 people, most of the women wearing the wide, flapping hats of straw (something like the Leghern productions familiar in America) which are one of the characteristic manufactures of Sionna. The vivid colors of the contrade are repeated in this dazzling sea of restless forms; they are seen again on the seats, which hear 10,000 more spectators, and finally the windows and balennes of the plazos are hung with drapery and shields of every imaginable hue. Seen from an upper window that commanded the plazza, the pletorial effect of the latter was unsurpassably beautiful. The grim lines of the mediaeval buildings seemed to concentrate the thoughtless thousands into an indivisible unit, and to frame them in consciously placed lines. The late afternoon sky set a perfect blue above the shields and borne above the latter, on the hill beyond, one could see the white and black campanile of the cathedral.

Then came the cause of this ravishing effect. one-third of a mile around, which slopes down from the "barocco" and mediaeval palaces on

keystone to the day's festivity. The Palls was run. Ten bare-backed horses were driven was run. Ten bare-backed horses were drived by their jockeys into a pen formed of ropes. The start is a scramble, the little group of horses being shot from the inclosure as from a cataput in one confused mass. One poor brute tripper over the rope and his rider was thrown, but with final gall p, in which the Porcupine won. The Pallo was over in five minutes. But the spectacle, the great accompaniment and embroidery of the Pallo, remained. Before the race it was th riege of all the contrade that went chiefly fill the eye. Afterward it was the picture which has been described and the movement of throng as it ebbed out into the streets. Sienna mediacyal in its byways as well as in its plazza. Everything Siennese has the same tone. The peo-ple are decisive in manners and speech, the language of the district being the clearest in Tus-cany. Signer Brogi calls the Senesi dry and sarcastle. Their landscape has a spirit which invites to action rather than to repose. rise to find the fown welcoming the Lombar odoma, a painter whose tenderness and contemplative charm recall the languages school of tumbria. The true artistic genius of Sienna was summed up in Baldassare Peruzzi, an architec whose works are synonomous for lucidity and ordered beauty.

A LENBACH FOR A GLASS OF BEER.

THE PANOUS ARTIST BEINGS TO BOOK THE MEN WHO STOLE HIS PAINTINGS - HIS LOSS ESTIMATED AT SEVERAL HUN DRED THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Few trials have attracted more attention Jermany than the famous "Picture-Stealing Suit. which has just come to an end in Munich. T brated portrait painter Franz von Lenbach was

A few months ago a well-known art dealer of the Bayarian capital sent a portrait to the artist, begging him to attach his name to it. The profewor saw at once that the painting had been from him, and began an investigation. The possessed his unbounded confidence, and had the right of entry to his studio and beautiful villa a and all times. He soon had convincing t of the servant's dishonesty, and, securing his ar rest, forced a confession from him.

Wagner had been stealing the gems from Len

bach's brush for a number of years. At the trial of the sult over 200 were accounted for and traced. but Wagner said that they did not form one-sixth

of the sult over 200 were accounted for and traced, but Wagner said that they did not form one-sixth of those which had passed through his bands. Lenbach, as is well known, has been an indefaligable worker, and has paints it the partials of the most famous Europeans of the day.

Wagner, it seems, is a simpli fellow, who fell under the influence of a certain artist named Zanki, who first gave him the idea of enriching himself with the work of his master. Zanki took Wagner to take as many oil-paintings as possible, but when he could not get these to purioin sketches. As is often the case, Wagner himself made little moneyout of the transactions, testifying that he had given away Lenbach gems at times for a 'glass of beer.' Zanki took the pictures, as a rule, to a certain Buberick, a painter of porcelain, and to a man named Deininger, a desier in antiquities. These men sold the pictures to art stores. Some of three art dealers made large sums of money in the transactions. One dealer, for instance, purchased a portrait life-size, of the Empress Frederick for 620 marks (\$155, and sold it for 10,000 marks (\$2,00). Another paid 200 marks (\$30) for a portrait of its—marck—the Lenbach portraits are considered the best extant of the great Chancelor—and soid it for 6,00 marks.

After the business was well under way the swindlers began to stamp copies of Lenbach as originals and in this way made a small fortune. The exhibition of one of these in Baden-Baden—a supposed portrait of the Empress Frederick—of which Lenbach heard, aided greatly in bringing the thever to book.

Other well-known dealers in Munich, it is alleged, were also in collusion with the thieves and may be brought to trial later. Wagner was sentenced to prison for one and a baif years, and to the less of his civilian rights for three years. Zanki to two and a quarter years.

Lenbach hit is estimated, has lost several hundred thousand dollars by the work of the thieves.

Lenbach, it is estimated, has lost several hundred thousand dollars by the work of the thieves.

SURE TO WAKE THEM UP. From The Pittsburg Dispatch.

From The Pittsburg Dispatch.

"It is a curious thing," said the artist, "but when you begin to study anybody or anything asleep they or it will wake up at once." He was trying to catch a very pretty girl on a Long Branch boat. She was reclining gracefully on her right hand, the elbow which served for that hand being supported by a guard rail, and, coatrasy to the custom of pretty girls in general, looked really prettler when asleep than when awake. But just as soon as the artistic eye had settled down to this fact and the artistic eye had settled down to this fact and the artistic eye had settled down to this fact and the artistic penell had begun to reduce it to paper, she began to get restless and fidgety, and shortly afterward waked up.

"I have tried it on animals," he continued, "and it is the same. We have a very pretty cat at our house, and sometimes when she curis herself up into graceful and unusual attitudes I have tried to get a study from cat life, but just as sure as the attempt is made she begins to yawn and stretch, and finally opens ber big ayes on me with an expression of 'Well, what in the world are you trying to do with me now. I'd like to know?"

"On railway trains I have attempted to get some man's expression while he is asleep. He will wake up at once. It is the same when a man or a woman is engaged in conversation or thought. As soon as you get to work on her profile or back hair, or the rake of her bonnet, a woman will begin to squirm, to turn this way and that, until she finally singles you out. She will do this without the slightest idea of what you are doing."

All of which reminds me that almost any man of strong will can by intense thought and exercise of will power compel a woman to turn her head and finally single him out of a crowd. She will not know why, and really, I don't know why, but it is so, for I have tried it again and again. Men are less impressionable. Yet there are probably few men who cannot be awakened from the soundest sleep by anybody looking them intently in the

From The Detroit Free Press. From The Detroit Free Press.

"One time on a canvass in my district," remarked a well-known member of Congress, "I stopped with a man who had been a lawyer and a man of considerable influence, but he had foolishly thrown away his chance for success by taking to liquor and bad company. He knew that he was to blame more than any one else, and after I left him to go to bed I overheard him talking to his wife who, woman like, still had confidence in him. "Mary, he said, 'I might have been a Congressman if I had had some sense."

"Lor, John,' she replied encouragingly, 'it don't take sense to be a Congressman." Emphatically at the head."

Toyoland's Baking Powder

The strength comes from cream of tartar and soda only, no ammonia, no alum. It does the most work and the best work, and, best of all, it is perfectly wholesome. Cleveland Baking Powder Co., New York, Successor to Cieveland Brothers.

tier Latin, scholastically treated, and as the happy hunting ground of the male and female students on the left bank of the Seine. Nor in talking of disappearances must I omit to mention the fact that demoishers are now engaged in pulling down the splendid mansion or rather palace which Meissonier had on structed for himself from his own designe, at the corner of the

In pulling down the spiencial mansion of rather paiace which Meissonier had con structed for himself from his own designs, at the corner of the Boulevard Malesherbes and the Rue Legendre. The architecture of the house was Renaissance in style, and the furniture and fixtures were copied from Venetian models. Meissonier had intended that after his death this sumptious abode should serve as a national museum to contain his paintings, engravings and sketches, but owing to the unfortunate conflict that arose after his death between the children of his first wife and his young widow concerning the disposal of his property, these designs were frustrated, and not only have the pictures and drawings been put up at auction, but this most lordly dwelling, which was one of the sights of Paris, is about to be replaced by an ordinary five-story house of the commonplace style of architecture. French diplomats married to foreign wives are decidedly having a hard time of it, and the case

French diplomats married to foreign wives are decidedly having a hard time of it, and the case of the Comte de Montholon is calculated to inspire sympathy. A few months ago, shortly after M. Casimir-Perier, while Minister of Foreign Affairs, had removed the Comte d'Aunay and his American wife from the legation at Copenhagen, the Comte de Monteholon, who represented France at the Court of Athens, became engaged to the daughter of his Italian colleague, the Comte Fé d'Ostiani. M. Perier immediately notified M. de Montholon that the French Foreign Office could not possibly tolerate a matrimonial union between its Minister there and the daughter of the Envoy at Athens of one of the Powers belonging to the Triple Alliance. Accord-

monial union between its Minister there and the daughter of the Envoy at Athens of one of the Powers belonging to the Triple Alliance. Accordingly, the Comte de Montholon went to M. Fé d'Ostiani, and pointed out to him that inasmuch as he (M. Fé d'Ostiani) was well alvanced in years and almost at the end of his official life, it would not an end to all obstacles to the match.

years and almost at the end of his official life, it would put an end to all obstacles to the match if he were to retire. I may add that Mile Fé d'Ostiani is an heiress in her own right, whereas her father is far from rich. It may therefore be supposed that the Comte de Montholon brought to bear inducements of a financial character upon his eccentric father-in-law in order to get him to accede to his request. The long and short of it was that the Italian Minister did retire from the diplomatic service, whereupon the marriage took place without any manifestation of dissatisfaction on the part of the French Government. Now, however, the Comte de Montholon has been recalled and deprived of his post at the Court of Athens and placed on the retired list. Perhaps his disgrace is merely of a temperary nature, but he foreign and the court of the french Government.

his friends consider that he has been very harship treated, and his fate is calculated to increase the apprehension that now fills the breasts of those many French diplomats who have married for-eign wives.

USED TO IT.

From The Boston Journal.

The amateur photographer is as common on the ocean steamers as in the streets of Boston. A Boston girl who took her camera to Europe with her this summer one day saw the first mate standing on the bridge, making a very imposing figure, and remarked to her companion, "Oh. I must have a picture of him. I wonler if he'll let me." Catching up the camera she ran across the deck and called up to him. "Please stand still, a moment, I want to snap you." Instantly the officer struck a magnificent attitude with one arm extended as if giving an order. She snapped. The lookerson shouted with laughter, and some one remarked, "Oh, you've been there before?"

"Every trip," came down the answer.

NOT POSTED ON ITS HISTORY.

From The Hoston Budget.

From The Chicago Record.

From The Boston Budget.

Mr. Algernon Smuggins stroiled into the ladies dining-room of a swell downtown hotel last week. He walked to the farther end of the room, dropped languidly into a seat, scanned carelessly the bill of fare, and ordered broiled mackerel.

After several patient minutes the walter returned with the order. Algernon picked daintily at the fish, tasted it, and started, he took another cantious mouthful and turned pale.

"See heah, waltaw! This is, an imposition!"

"No, sorr, It's a mackere."

"Mental! How dare you! It isn't fresh!"

"Wal, Ol can't say as to that, sorr, Ol've only been here a week."

THE "IDEA MEN" IN CHICAGO.

There are three men in Chicago who make a fairly good living by marketing ideas. That is their business. Suppose a man opens a new restaurant. The "idea" man goes into the piace and says. "Why not put out a sign that you'll give a disn of ice cream free to every red-headed man? It would cause talk."

TOPICS IN PARIS.

TROUBLE FOR THE ROYALISTS.

reason of the part it has played in French history and likewise in French fiction must always be of exceptional interest alike to native and for eigner. Yet the last vestige thereof is about to disappear. Long ago the Rue Saint Jacques was modernized, widened and prolonged from the Petit Pont to the Rue Soufflot, while the Rue Ecole de Médicine has likewise been prolonged to the Boulevard St. Germain. And now has come the turn of the Place Maubert, the narrow streets clustering about this interesting relie of old Paris being about to be cleared away. This will involve the disappearance of three famous cabarets familiar to all those who have ever indulged in any slumming here. One of them is the "Père Lunette," the wasis of which are adorned with the really astonishing productions of the brush and pen of broken-down painters, poets and littérateurs. The second is the "Sénat," the favorite resert of the rappickers, while the third is the Château Rouge, which must not be confounded with the Moulin Rouge in the Champs Elysées, and which has long enjoyed celebrity as a typical feature of the Quartier Latin, scholastically treated, and as the happy hunting ground of the male and female students on the left bank of the Seine. Nor in PARIS HAS BEEN PLEASANT DURING THE SUM-MER-DISAPPEARANCE OF THE QUARTIER LATIN-SORROWS OF FRENCH DIPLOMATS.

Paris, September 4. For the first time in his life the Comte de Paris may be said to be enjoying the good will and regard of his fellow-countrymen. This tardy popularity is probably due to the pity that is felt by any patriotic Frenchman for those to whom death is rendered additionally bitter by exile, and the approach of his last hour has served to call attention to the blameless and stainigss character of his home life. Contrary to what is generally believed abroad, there is probably no country in the world where such domestic virtues as these are more highly estcemed, or where the family is regarded as a more sacred institution than in France, and while people have been accustomed to repreach the Count for his lack of political initiative and for the indifference that he has manifested with regard to the recovery of the throne of his grandfather, yet now that he is about to pass away they are beginning to pay tribute to this very lack of activity. By no one will his death be more deplored than by the Royalists themselves, who, with the exception of those penniless adventurers who are dependent upon Orleanist bounty and who have everything to gain and nothing to lose by fishing in troubled waters, view with illdisguised apprehension the advent of the militant policy known to be projected by the young Duke of Orleans and by his strong-minded mother, the Comtesse de Paris. They know full well that a policy of this kind is bound to entail sacrifices of every kind on their part, especially of a pecuniary nature, and that they may be called upon to choose between obeying the behests of the man whom they profess to regard as their King by right divine and the performance of deeds involving certain exile and possibly imprisonment. Men who have estates to manage, families to look after and vast interests, financial and industrial and agricultural, at stake do not at all relish this, and much as they have been accustomed to growl at the socalled indolence of the Comte de Paris, they are now exceedingly sorry, not only for his sake, but also for their own, that he is about to be snatched away from them by death. Judging by the accounts that reach us from

the various seaside resorts and inland wateringplaces, those who have remained in the metropis during the summer have had an infinitely better time than those who left town. While the weather here has been relatively cool and fine, with only occasional rain, it appears to have been perfectly abominable at most of the fashionable resorts, added to which the means of amusement were few and far between owing to the severity with which the decrees against gambling of every kind were for the first time enforced. The result is that everybody is hastening back to the city with a sigh of relief that the annual outing is at an end and full of envy toward those who, like Queen Isabelia of Spain and many other prominent and sensible personages, have remained bere all through the summer, finding Paris with all its resources, both as far as comforts and amusements are concerned, infinitely preferable to the dreary, useless and thoroughly uncongenial existence at a fashionable French watering-place. On every side are to be seen signs of the reopening of the metropolitan season. The façades of the theatres are once more ablaze with light at ght while the klosks are covered with flaring artists, announcing the novelties of the season Moreover, popular fêtes succeed each other without interruption, and after having celebrated the Feast of the Assumption and the Festival of St. Louis, both of which days are honored on an extensive scale, since there is a Marie or a Louis in almost each French family, we are now in the throes of the Fête des Loges, which is in progress in the splendid forest of St. Germain. The name Loges, after which the St. Germain fête is called, comes from the buts of the charcoal burners and woodcutters, who have been at work in the forest as far back as the sixteenth century. The fair is held on the greensward in front of the former monastery and abbey built by King Louis XIII. which has since been converted into a branch of the St. Denis Institute, one of the finest and best organized of the charities of the Legion of Honor. The popularity of this Fête des Loges is due not alone to the picturesqueness of the place where it is held, the terrace which borders the forest commanding an unrivalled panoramic view of the entire metropolitan district, but also because charcoal is a fuel which is used in preference to any other in almost every French kitchen, especially those belonging to the middle and lower classes.

Nearly every American who visits Paris makes a point of seeing the Quartier Latin, which by

course with the many celebrated statesmen and

THE GLADSTONES AND THEIR DOROTHY princes of science who have been his contemporar ries and associates. THE LATEST PORTRAITS OF THE GROUP

The little lady is his constant compan In common with most great men, Mr. Gindstone has always been distinguished by his love for young children, in whose practic he has often found relief band's health and peace of mind will allow to refrom his all-absorbine literary and political labors. I main by his side. And if there is any thing more



And now that in the eventide of his busy and well- | charming than the spectacle of the Grand Gil Man's spent life he has abandoned the cares of State and of Parliamentary warfare, he manifests more interest even than before in the small folk, and apparticular derives more satisfaction and alcount of the small folk, and apparticular derives more satisfaction and alcount of the special of the properties of the same statement of the special of the properties of the same statement of the special of ently derives more satisfaction and pleasure from the society of his little grandGaughter, Dorothy Drew, than he has ever experienced in his inter-

ence, that have existed for close upon three-years between Mr. Gladstone and his univer-popular wife.